

LITTLE MEN

Fall Suits and
Frocks for Children.
Blue Jeans and Overalls
the Favorite Suits
of the Little Sons
of the Millionaires.
Parisian Models Scorned
By Boys Still in Dresses.
One-Button Gloves
With Bare Arms.

IT is wonderful how the kiddies make the whole world kin. They arouse a common sympathy, and also a common indignation (says my flippant husband Cholly) when they bawl on a train.

Even the clothes of the American youngster go to prove that in their attitude toward children all classes of people have ideas upon which they agree. A quaint sort of simplicity is the standard for children's clothes, and if voices were counted among the little sons of the rich and the little lads of the poor it would soon be discovered that of all the suits in their



wardrobes the baby boys love their "blue jeans" best. Even his sailor suit is not so important a possession to the young American as are his overalls in which he romps, and in which he plays that he is a carpenter, a plumber—Jack-of-all-trades, in fact. On a great country estate at Lenox or Tuxedo the son of the millionaire who owns it and the son of the manager who runs it make mud pies side by side, each in his blue jeans. None of the babies are born snobs, and neither are there any who realize their inferiority to the rich. The small son of the gardener or manager never knows that he is less important than his little co-worker in the mud. As Cholly tells me, I am getting to be a socialist, but why not? In England so many ladies of title are allying themselves with the laboring class. I remember the pert little codger, the son of the coachman on P. A. B. Widener's magnificent estate at Ashbourne, in Pennsylvania. One day P. A. B. was making a tour of inspection. The pert youngster followed him everywhere. "Well, my little man," said P. A. B., "don't you know who I am?" "Er course I do. You're the man who rides in my father's carriages."

der "the Red-White-and-Blue" have Democratic instincts smothered later in life. They all see the simple clothes for boys and girls in the magazine and papers. They, by their own childish choice, have helped to establish the fashions. There are, to be sure, elaborate clothes that are shocking in price, and they, I suppose, are more interesting to read about, but simple suits and frocks for the kiddies are now in style.

Then another thing, and this is really droll. The importers bring over the most charming little suits, those for boys not yet in trousers being much like those for the girls. The suit for brother is just as dainty as that for sister, and mother thinks it's perfectly sweet. Sonnie, however, doesn't agree with her, as soon as he notices that it is like sister's in any detail whatever.

I shall never forget the day, about two years ago, that I took little Cholly into a smart shop on Fifth avenue. (Little Cholly is, you know, a remarkably big boy for his age. Everybody says that really they never saw anything like it. The salesman in the store always says so in particular.) Well, as I was saying, I took little Cholly in to buy a suit. I picked up one with a round Dutch neck. He tried it on and seemed well pleased until I happened to say that the one with blue ribbons would be so sweet for my sister's girlie, little Prudence Armour. Well, when my angel-child Cholly heard me say that the other suit would be nice for his cousin Prudy, he gave a whoop of rage, simply reared up on his hind legs like a true Knickerbocker, and said he wouldn't—just like his father.



Now, I'll tell you about some of the things I'm going to buy for him this fall. I suppose it will be more interesting if I leave out the plainer things and choose the clothes that children in our set are more apt to have. When little Cholly goes to Dodsworth's to dance, he wears, for example, an Eton suit like that in illustration G. His little white vest is so cunning. He has a little high hat, a "saler," for a party, he must afterward make a call, or rather leave his engraved card, while his governess sits below in the carriage. These cards must be absolutely correct. In shape they are oblong like those his father has. They must be exactly one and one-eighth eighth inches high and one and one-eighth inches wide. Prudy, my niece, also has her bits of pasteboard. These, in shape, are like her mother's, one

- A—A Scotch Highland Dress of the Sort Worn by Douglas Dobinson and Lewis Nixon, Jr.
- B—A Girl's Sailor Suit of Dark Blue Serge with Tie and Sash of White Silk or of Scarlet Silk if Desired. Pleated Skirt Edged with Rows of Soutache Braid. Gold Buttons and Embroidered Anchor.
- C—Tweed Suit with Single-Breasted Norfolk Jacket. GOLF Stockings for Fall Days.
- D—A Cloak of Rose-Colored Taffeta or Cashmere, with Collar and Cuffs of Embroidered Lines.
- E—A Winter Paletot of Raspberry-Colored Coachman's Cloth. Revers of Sealskin.
- F—A Party Frock of Empire Model, of Voile Batiste. Short Tight Sleeves and Lace Flounce in Deep Poin.
- G—An Eton Suit with White Vest for Dress Occasions.

and one and one-half inches high and two inches wide. But, come to remember, she had them when she was only two years old. They were always used to attach the little gifts she was supposed to send. For that matter, laugh, my Boston bull, Mrs. Dodsworth! This mother was Prudy's tripephalant II, of the Dawson family, and little cards engraved with his name.

Little Cholly's school suit, in be-
cause of its high and two inches wide. But, come to remember, she had them when she was only two years old. They were always used to attach the little gifts she was supposed to send. For that matter, laugh, my Boston bull, Mrs. Dodsworth! This mother was Prudy's tripephalant II, of the Dawson family, and little cards engraved with his name.

Another suit of this sort I saw on Mrs. De Vorseigh's son, and really it was horrid, and just think that boy is two years older than my Cholly and wears a suit a whole size smaller. As everybody says, little Cholly is a likely lad, and as everybody also says, he has such charming legs. Anatomical praise is, you know, quite proper in society. Mrs. Leslie Cotton, the artist who recently painted a picture of the King as a plain clothes man, showed me, for example, a portrait that she had made of two little girls. Running her fingers along their slim limbs of locomotion, she said: "They didn't come out well in this photograph made of the painting, and it's a shame, for really they are charming legs." Well, to return to Mrs. De Vorseigh's boy, his sailor suit (and his legs aren't a bit charming) is of white moire silk, with collar and cuffs of coffee-colored princess lace.

The jolliest sailor suits of all are those of serge, strictly nautical in style, and like those which the sons of George J. Gould have always worn. But I mustn't run on so about the styles for boys. I must make haste to tell you all about Prudy's clothes. The other day sister and I bought her the sweetest party frock you ever saw. It is made in empire style, and the pointed flounce at the hem is bewitching, as you may note in illustration F. I think she is beautiful. Everybody says she is more like me than her mother. I think, myself, she is much like me, and so unassuming, not the least bit conceited. Though, would you believe it, she sent a photograph to City Subjects, a society party, telling all about her party, who were "among those present," and how beautiful she looked.

I like the Empire model for children. The extremely long waist and ballet length skirt seen in so many French models are not greatly favored by American mothers. For school, Prudy, of course, has a sailor suit, and the very latest model from Paris. Then I like the coat seen in illustration D. It is designed from a model made in London. It is for a child from six to twelve years old. The coat may be cut from rose-colored taffeta or from a soft cashmere. The collar and cuffs are of embroidered linen. This is

AND WOMEN by Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

Chiffon Cloaks Lined With Russian Sable for Little Girls. Cloth Jackets Lined With Cluny Lace. Sailor Suits of White Moire Silk Simplicity at Its Sweetest in English Styles for Children.



cloth of bright red is often applied in a Grecian key design.

Prudy's little coat of ermine for dress-up occasions has a deep shawl collar of heavy Irish lace through which black velvet ribbon is drawn around the shoulders below the high roll collar faced with black satin. Her bonnet is of the Irish lace with corn-colored bows of satin ribbon at each side. Then her father of course, he has millions bought her a wonderful brown chiffon cloak. It is made of layers upon layers of the filmy material. Shades of golden brown over those of ochre and tan and from biscuit color to cream color are laid one over the other and this is lined with sable fur! Then she has a suit of the new color called antique green, and the little jacket, all but the sleeves, is lined entirely with Cluny lace. Prudy was born with a diamond-studded spoon in her mouth, but in spite of the sumptuous things, as I tell my sister, she'll see before she dies a little of the weary side of life. Prudence Armour we named her, after an ancestress who came over in the Mayflower, but we forgot that Armour translated from the French means "love," and such puns poor Prudy has had to endure about prudence and imprudence in love. Sister really weeps. One society paper even printed a pun about it—so mean to have a child misrepresented in the press at so tender an age!

Both Prudy and Cholly, you know, go to Dodsworth's dancing school—the famous institution where those of only the finest family may learn to courtesy in the proper way. Mr. Dodsworth is a great-nephew of the great Dodsworth, who led the orchestra when Jennie Lind sang in Castle Garden. When the little girls are presented to their elders they must bob up and down, and when they enter the room at dancing school they stand at the door and make a long, gliding bow with skirts outspread held in the

tips of their fat little fingers. All the boys at Dodsworth's, as did their fathers, work for an order, a bit of blue ribbon called "The Golden Rule." Little Vanderbilt Whitney, Harry Payne Whitney's boy, is one of the aspirants. I laughed so one day when I was there with little Cholly and Prudy. Between dances Vanderbilt ran across the room, just as though the whole world were green fields for small feet without any hall-room floor. "That is not nice," said Mr. Dodsworth. "Cross the room as a gentleman should." So with all the visitors, and all the pupils seated, Vanderbilt crossed the great hardwood tract with all the courage of his great-grandfather, the doughty commodore. Now, my Cholly, he did the same thing one day and I thought he'd be expelled, for when the reprimand came he shouted, "I'd like to see you make me!" If it weren't that his father is a Knickerbocker, disgrace would have followed, for children incurably boisterous and saucy are often expelled from the school. When we go to dancing school, we mothers sit around the room and our boys must bring up each chum in turn and make a formal introduction, but I must say that Cholly does better at arithmetic than at dancing or introducing. And he could tell, too, at an early age, whether sugar was up or down (stocks I mean, not candy). Little Cholly is so clever!

Delicate Touch of Hand Embroidery Adds to Appearance of Linen Collars

The delicate touch of hand embroidery on linen collars is plain and simple. One collar is studded with miniature French knots, placed closely together in orderly rows. Another collar shows a wild rose design in each corner and one at the back, the petals filled in with embroidered white "seeds." A graceful tendril line joins the three ornaments. A raised dot pattern is displayed on the collar that closes at the center front. A neat style is embroidered in stripes running from the top to the edge of the collar. A tiny diamond breaks the severity of each line in the center.

In all art departments we see many clever patterns of embroidery showing the emblems used by the Moki and Navajo Indians. The most primitive ideas are used, and in brilliant colors the embroidered designs are really very noticeable and attractive. For cushions, portieres, and stand covers the patterns are shown in large or small designs. On very thin lines the work is done with bright threads, while heavier embroidery floss is employed for larger patterns.

Simplicity at its sweetest. The caps for children in London are all copied from those seen in paintings by the Old Masters. The Romney caps are lovely. In figure E one sees a girl with a cannon ball bonnet having rosettes at each side over her ears. Her paletot is of coachman's cloth, raspberry-red in color and finished off with straps and cloth bands. The white vest has gold buttons and the top revers are of seal skin.

A sensible fad among the people of our set is to dress the girls, even in bitter cold weather, in fine white pique. They wear heavy ulsters, but the white skirt shows below the coat. Mrs. De Vorseigh, always so crazy to be in the twilight, went a bit too far. Her little girl had a bright scarlet coat, a scarlet hat and old-time pantalettes (modified a bit), showing beneath her coat. Well, I really saw her on Fifth avenue and the nurse had a big Irish blous on her face. I think it's shocking to put pantalettes on your baby just to become socially prominent. I simply had visiting cards, a diamond collar and little things like that for my dog, Matthew Launcelet II. In order to make the society papers notice me and give me more space.

So many of the sisters in society dress exactly alike. One hears of the Sherman twins (Irene and Mildred), the Pratt twins (Constance and Beatrice), and they are not twins at all. The two elder daughters of Charles Steele (both schoolgirls), though one is much taller and older than the other, both wore beautiful pique frocks this summer exactly alike to an embroidered polka dot, with black sailor hats. The Dutch necks were so low they looked like adult decollete. Those suits were beautifully embroidered, but the pique tailored suits for winter have not a scrap of embroidery or in-section.

The daughters of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Margaret and Barbara Rutherford (children of her second marriage) also dress alike. In winter they wear quilt round bonnets, suits of heavy corduroy, and carry big muffs. One has fuzzy crumps standing off her face, and the other has curls of the old-fashioned sort that are brushed over a stick.

Many of the little walking suits for fall have coats of a bright red, or of some other gay color worn with a dull striped gray skirt that has a band at the hem of the same gorgeous color as the coat. Often the hat, the jacket and this gay band appear on the gray skirt are of the same color. Above a band of bright red, for instance,